

Wit and
Humor

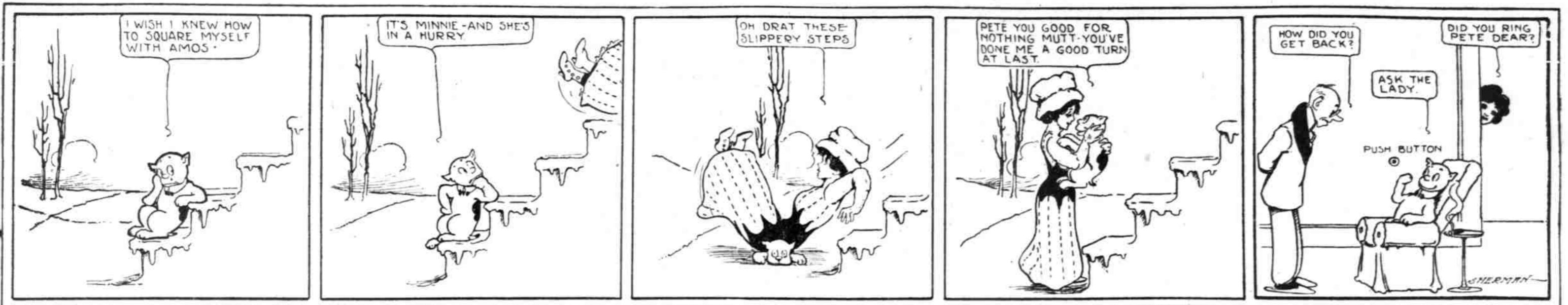
THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Fiction
and Facts

You've Got to Hand it to Pete for Endurance

Drawn for The Washington Times

By C. L. Sherman



MR. PEEVED PROTESTS

Against Suffrage
In the Home

TO HIS PATIENT WIFE



"OH, JOHN," said Mrs. Peeved, glancing across at her husband with a determined look in her eyes. "John, I want to have a serious talk with you."

"Fire away," retorted Mr. Peeved, cheerfully. "Get it off your chest, I'm listening."

"Then put down your paper," snapped Mrs. Peeved. "I don't want to talk to a 'want ad' page."

Mr. Peeved growled something under his breath, skimmed swiftly up and down the columns and laid the paper down with a sigh.

"Well?" he said, shortly.

"John," said Mrs. Peeved, getting up and standing in front of him: "I have decided that I will not darn any more stockings; that I will make no more deserts; that I won't sew any buttons on, and will not, in fact, do any more menial services for you until you agree to help women get the vote, and until you promise to wear one of our buttons every day."

"Tee-hee," snickered Mr. Peeved. "Go to it, petty; go to it. How long did it take you to learn it?"

"This is not a thing to laugh at," snapped Mrs. Peeved. "I am serious; never was more so. We have, all of us who belong to the Equal Rights Society, determined to make this stand."

"Aw, forget it, and lemme read the paper," said Mr. Peeved. "I haven't any kick comin' if you want to make a fool of yourself along with a lot of other women, but don't try to hand it out to me."

"That's the way," cried Mrs. Peeved. "That's the way with you tyrant men. You think we can be put aside by you—"

"Aw, cut it out," interrupted Mr. Peeved. "Six on the hot air tyrant business. Take it from me that you women have a cinch. Who gets out and earns the simoleons? Who fixes the furnace and puts out the ashes? Who carries out the milk bottles? Who pays for the coal? Who but me, me, me? And now you stand up there and say you're going to stop looking after things?"

"Well, I mean it," said Mrs. Peeved, sitting down with a determined air. "Not another sock; not another button—"

"All right," said Mr. Peeved, getting up. "I'll go drop a line to mother to come down and take charge if you've got no time for your home."

Mrs. Peeved looked uneasy. "I think—" she began.

"Suffrage or your mother-in-law!" shouted Mr. Peeved.

And Mrs. Peeved, with a little sob, got out her darning bag.

Slang As It Is Slung

Dear Bill: If you were able to peruse my last outburst through your blinding tears of jealousy you will recollect remembering that I was a flapper and the girl was Julie yet on a moonstruck balcony at the junior prom.

Shades of Henry VIII! Hadst ever a Nelson on Cupid on a moonstruck veranda?

But, with a double-jointed B, just as I had coaxed the limp of osculation close enough to see the whites of his lamps, a fat guy with a wilted neck-band crashed into the foreground to get a few fresh airs.

"Large evening," he caroled, as he suffocated a law-abiding little chair. "I'm roasted."

I confided to the circumambient atmosphere that the largest evening ever off the calendar survived to a half second in Halifax when a cink with embossing blew into it, and that when it comes to being roasted, get in the lee of the guy whose spoon is snapped off at the handle.

But he wasn't born. It went in one ear like water off a duck's back. I mentioned that everybody loves a fat man when he does the big end of the telescope act; that a disappearing fat

man, for a thing of beauty, has a color well done on both sides beaten to a scramble.

But he stuck like glue with the willies, and got me so peeved I rose to Cora's feet, apologized like the perfect little gentleman I always try to be, shifted to my own understanding, and pushed the ground from under Fudge with my terrible No.

We heard him surprise a mud puddle ten feet hideshow. But Cupid's a mean little cuss when you start any rough house, so, Cora insisting, us to the ballroom. A bas le fat man.

CHARLIE.

No Sand

Nelle—Is that fellow of yours ever going to get up the courage to propose?"

Belle—I guess not—he's like an hour glass.

Nelle—An hour glass?

Belle—Yes—the more time he gets, the less sand he has.

Muscular Suffrage

Asked the progressive woman of the beauty culturist: "Don't you think women should exercise the suffrage?"

"Certainly. My method will increase it two inches."—Puck.

The Barrier

She—But why is it that you get engaged so often, Mr. Jones?

He—Because I haven't the courage to marry.

DRAW ONE

(Daily Discontinued Story)



It was still dark when Madge Mush-anilk's alarm clock told her that her job was impatiently waiting for her.

She and her sister roomed together. Madge was brunette. At that particular moment her sister was blonde.

Madge put on her puffs in the dark. Harry Hotair came to Madge's table and asked for coffee and rolls that morning. There was a hair in the butter. Harry meekly remarked "that hair."

Madge was busy drawing a cup of coffee. But she was not so busy that she could not glance in the mirror.

The coffee was very hot, and—



SEASHORE ROMANCE

"This is awkward. I flirted with a young man at the seashore, and we both pretended to be rich. Now I find he lives in our city."

"But you needn't see him if you don't want to."

"I can't well get out of it. It seems he collects the payments on our piano."

Uncle Bluffer and The "Wow-Wow" Twins

Drawn for The Washington Times

By E. E. LOWRY



Loretta's Looking Glass

The Nagging Woman Objects to What It Tells Her



M Y DEAR LORETTA—Your lecturette on the woman who nags makes me tired. I have a husband who always wants to finish a conversation when the dinner is getting cold. He is easy-going; and he encourages our little girl to be like him. He says it is a good deal easier to live if you take your time about it.

That is meant as a dig at me because I want them to hurry. My husband is never ready for church; he seems to delight in forcing me to scold. And I am tired of it. But some one has it to do. It seems easy for you to point out faults. Can you give receipts for mending them?

A WORRIED WIFE

Nagging is exploding nerves. Some of the things you scold your husband for are probably all right, only they are just not your way of doing or speaking. Nagging women generally overestimate their own judgment. Explosions never build up or create anything.

Nagging follows the law of explosions. Yours is blowing up your husband's peace of mind, his comfort of body. And it will blow up his love,

for men are so constituted that they cannot be made uncomfortable by a woman and continue to love her. I imagine he purposely prolongs his conversations while the dinner cools. But let him pay the price. You just go and eat while things are hot. He will soon discover that his stomach resents bad treatment. It will make him behave a good deal quicker than you can by nagging. And stop nagging at the children. Whip them, but do not nag. They do not like whippings. They get hardened to nagging.

But listen a minute. You were not forced into marrying the man you did, were you? You could see what kind of a disposition he had, could you not?

You knew he was easy-going. Then why not play fair? If you married

How He Won It

Miss Yangkie—And what has Lord Chichester done that you think him so interesting?

Lord De Fendus—He won a Derby, y' know.

Miss Yangkie—How lovely! On an election bet?

him knowing this, you ought to put up with him. Or, better still, you ought to study methods of helping him that do not harm yourself.

Nagging does not harm him. It wears you out worse than it does him. His easy-going is a good deal less fatiguing than your hard-going.

Perhaps, because I know a good deal of the business world, I have a rather mannish ideal of home comforts. Newspapers on the floor do not look criminal to me.

I do like to kick up the rugs; I love to burn the gas late. I am willing to pay the price of a cold dinner to finish an interesting conversation. If I had a husband who made me late to church, I should go off without him.

I should let him feel at home—in his own way, just as he can at a club or with an affinity. If I had a lazy little girl I should take her skates away or cut down her allowance till she felt a glow of energy about what I wanted her to do. I would not nag! I do not see any reason why you assume the responsibility for supplying the whole home with energy. And I should think more of your common sense if you found another method of doing it besides nagging.

MAMIE'S MONOLOGUE

About the Perils of
Riches Told to Belle

IN A TROLLEY CAR



AY, BELLE, has your friend, Mrs. Drummond found her jools yet—the one that was stole comin' over from Europe, y' know? Not that it matters much—it was only a matter of three hundred thousand or so, wasn't it? A mere bag o' shells!

But it just goes to show that us society women can't be too careful. We haven't got no right, y' know, Belle, to lead the poor common people into temptation. Now, there's Mrs. Drummond, fr instance.

Absent-minded like, while she's changin' her million-dollar hobble for a diamond studded harem skirt, she lifts a quart of jools off her neck and hangs 'em on the doorknob in her specially reserved stateroom. And when she turns around, meannin' to roll them on the floor for the dog to have a little fun with, they're gone. Belle, never hang your jools on the doorknob.

The same thing almost happened to me the other night. Bill and I took in the steam fitters' annual dance, and, as I expected about three hundred and seventy-two of the four hundred to be there, I thought I'd show them what a real dresser can do when she has a few minutes to spare.

So while I was adjustin' my sapphire stummicker I gave my maid that new diamond tiarer to hold. When I turned around again she was half out the door.

"Oh," she says, "I thought you gave it to me for the cook."

"Nonsense!" I says to her. "I never give the cook d'mon's. They make her conceited. And you know I only wore that tiarer once, and it's good for at least three times."

Belle, that maid'll bear watchin'. I b'lieve she's dishonest. After all, Belle, as Bill says, the only difference between bein' rich and wantin' to be is a few millions.

Reely, Belle, I don't think I'd want to be real rich if I had the chance. You can't be natural if you're real rich, Belle. Suppose I felt that corned beef and what goes with it would be the only thing in the world that'd fill up a certain void at lunch time. Now, if I had a million, instead of eatin' it with a clear conscience, like I do now, I'd probably be peekin' over my shoulder at every bite to see if any of my friends was lookin' at me.

But then, if I had a million, there prob'ly wouldn't be no void. Oh, well, what's the use?

Spinster Aunt's Advice

Dear Spinster Aunt: What do you do when you think you have plucked the sweetest peach on the tree of life and find it nothing but a lemon that got into the garden of love by mistake?

In other words, how can a man break off his engagement without being taboed in good society and declared a hum, who trifled with a girl's affections, to say nothing of perhaps getting into court with a breach of promise suit, depleting his pocketbook or putting him into a cold, void cell, where there are no hot baths and barber shops?

About a year or so ago I met a girl who looked like the real thing to me, and I plunged head over heels into the delirium that you spinsters call love, but is sometimes—however, the fact remains that after I had popped the question, been accepted and the marriage set for some vague date next summer, I began to wake up and see that the skies were just as blue when she wasn't around, and that the birds sang just as sweetly when I didn't hear her voice, and that other girls still looked prettier, and some of them much prettier than she did herself.

In other words I dropped in a penny and got wise to myself that, instead of being really in love, I was simply crazy, and was now conversant.

Now mind, there's no other girl mixed up in this. There's no quarrel upon which to hang a theory of a broken heart; there's nothing except I'm not so much in love as I thought I was, and I'm not eager to support the girl for the rest of my days.

I've gotten wise to a few bits of temper and

OUR GROCERY CLERK SAYS

That he is strong for the new style.



"Put me down for a new style book, kid," said the grocery clerk. "I'm goin' to read up on that dernier cri chat'ier from Paris."

"And when I get hep to what's comin' out in lacy lingerie I'm goin' to wise up the boss and have him lay in his supplies accordingly."

"Do you get me, kid?"

"You see Mrs. Wilberforce always used to order her flour by the barrel, but the new girl up there insisted on having it in sacks and ordered two sacks at a time. I wouldn't have thought it so funny but last Sunday when I was goin' to church I saw the new girl."

"She had on her new harem skirt."

"An' just above each ankle I could see a line of faint lettering which read 'Made from Minnesota winter wheat.' 'She got it on Giff Pinchot on the conservation proposition.'"

Crushing Retort

Mrs. X (quarreling)—And what would you be now if it hadn't been for my money?

Mr. X (calmly)—A bachelor, my dear.

Not Life Size

"I want a few colored illustrations of beets and tomatoes."

"Life size," queried the artist.

"Catalog size," replied the seedsman, with a significant smile.

Incompatible

"If you had had the tiniest bit of love for me, you would never have married me."



SHE CAN'T WEAR HAREM SKIRTS

"Ever see a mermaid, Jim?" asked Dusty Rhodes, as he threw himself down on the sands alongside of a brother hobo.

"Yaas," said Jim.

"What did she look like?" asked Dusty.

"Oh, I d'no—rather like a lady cut delectably, with a hobble skirt around her propeller," said Jim.